King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masham*:
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours;
Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These english Monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practisde on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible, that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grose

As

As blacke from white, m
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answ
And God acquit them o
Exe. I arrest thee of h
By the name of *Richard*,
I arrest thee of high trea
By the name of *Henry*, L
I arrest thee of high tre
By the name of *Thomas*
Knight of *Northumberla*
Mash. Our purposes G
And I repent my fault m
Which I beseech your M
Although my body pay
King. God quit you i
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd aga
Ioyned with an enemy
And from his Coffers r
death,
Touching our person v
But we our kingdomes
Whose ruine you haue
That to our lawes we
Get you hence, poore r
The taste whereof, Go
To endure, and true re
Beare them hence.

Now Lords to *France*
Shall be to you as vs, s
Since God cut off this
Cheerly to sea, the sig
No King of *England*, i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG